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that three or four weeks of such unseasonable weather as we have had has a terrible effect on the wn. Manufacturers have large stocks on han

taken advantage of one of the most fortunate opportunities that has ever offered itself. Our bayer has just returned from Eastern ma

Cream of What was Offered

at the several sales attended by him. Each an

DESIRABLE MERCHANDISE

of all kinds, bought at prices so remarkably low as to enable us to offer unheard of bargains, and we don't doubt but what with the prices offered our

CONTINUATION OF

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If you have any doubts as to these prices bein correct, call and convince yourself. Hundreds o

LANSBURGH &

420, 422, 421, and 426 Seventh Street WANTED, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS AND WASTE PAPER.

E. G. WHEELER:

He came across the meadow pass That summer-eve of eves; The sunlight stream'd along the grass And glanced amid the leaves; And from the shrubbery below,

And from the garden trees, He heard the thrush's music flow And humming of the bees. The garden gate was swung apart,
The space was brief between;
But there, for throbbing of his heart.

He lean'd upon the garden gate; He look'd, and scarce he breathed; Within the little porch she sate, With woodbine overwreathed. Her eyes upon her work were bent, Unconscious who was nigh:

But oft the needle slowly went, And oft did idle lie. And ever to her lips arose Sweet fragments faintly song But ever ere the notes could close

She hushed them on her tongue Oh! beauty of my heart, he said, Oh! darling, darling mine,

Was ever light of evening shed On loveliness like thine? Why should I ever leave this spot? But gaze until I die! A moment from that bursting thought She felt his footstep nigh.

One sudden, lifted glance—but one A fremer and a start: So gently was their greeting done. That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down, And all his golden trail Had died away to lines of brown In duskier bues that fall. The grasshopper was chirping shrill-No other living sound

Accompanied the tiny rill That gurgled underground No other living sound, unless Some spirit bent to hear Low words of human tenderness And mingling whispers near.

JOHN WHITMAN'S OFFER. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

"To-night does it."

It was John Whitman who said this, adjusting his necktie before the glass.
Whatever it was on his mind to be accomplished before midnight did not interrupt the even flow of his blood, nor disturb the action of his heart; that was certain. His cool, clear color, justly divided with the white of his cheek, retaining no more, no less, than its rightful ground. He looked capable of making his words good.

It was the 24th of December. Necessarily, if all went well with the universe, to-morrow would be the 25th.

went well with the universe, to-morrow would be the 25th.

"What better time," said John to himself, with a twitch to the necktie, "that ho offer myself to-night?" Not that he exactly viewed himself in the light of a gift, but still unable to deay that it was no mean showing of a man to be laid at Mildred Carson's feet.

"To night does it," he repeated, and then he smiled at himself in the ginss and torned away.

There was another reason for at least a moderate degree of prompiness in the matter. John Whitman nor any other man would never acknowledge fear of other proposals reaching Mildred, as long as he, the possessor of money, good looks, and position—that social god-barred the way with evident desire of possession. Moreover, the only person likely to show courage enough to compete with him was a half continent away, running a sheep ranch in Colorado. So much John knew on the 22d of December, and he smiled, lazily basking in the sanshine of easy acquaintance with the one he loved, that permits divices, long confidential chats, books, flowers, and bon-bons, without a committal of sentiments, and a surrendering of the thing he called heart. The 23d brought a letter to Mark Taylor, in the hide and leather: business two doors below John's bank, where, as a young and rising director, he was to be found at such hours as satied his fancy. What more natural than that they should meet and walk inown to the club together on that afternoon."

"Clayton is coming back for an 'out,' said Mark, as they struck out over the crisp pavennent and turned the corner.

"The dense?" said John, slapping off a feathery

patch from his coat.
Whether this was intended to proclaim that a good aim had been taken, or was an index to Mr. Whitman's mind, as regarded the Chayton news, was of small consequence. The boy dodging in an alley-way chose to regard the former, however, and chuckled as he rapidly siapped another ball into shape, and sent it after the first. This time, however, it missed fire.
"Clayton has found out that sheep-raising isn't all sport, I presume," said John, carelessly. "Ends as it always does: the fellow has spent probably all he ever earned. Pity: he worked hard enough, poordog," he added, buttoning his coat with a paironizing air.

ng air.

"And you say that about Clayton," said Mark, with a mild roar, "when you know his griponthings hat he once takes up. Shame on you, Jack."

"The same story over again," said Whitman, more carelessly than before. "Those fellows who think for the grow on the mere sinking a few thousands on Western ventures generally come back on 'outs.' A double 'out," I may say; out of pocket, too. Ha! ha!"

aat ha!"
Well bleased with his little joke, he laughed on softly to himself, after the first outburst, and then straightened up and gave Mark a look. masion. "It makes no odes to me, I'm sure, which ray you look at the matter. Only don't be a fool, lack. There's nothing that so catches a girl as these haps who rough it a bit at the West."

corner.

"It's simply infernal," he ejaculated, "to get up such a welcome home to a fellow. Pandemonium is serenlly to it. There used to be a decent little flawer-shop," twisting his head, and squinting through the feathery shower; "Oh! here "its," and a bound carried him up the steps and into the room. Two men were busily banking flowers into a large basket, while a boy sorted and bunched little sprays of myosotis, helotrope, and ferns, or trimmed heady the superabundant branches of a Marechal Neil or a Jacqueminot. They all looked up as the stranger entered, but their fingers kept steadily at their work.

"Miss Middred Cum-no, C-a-r-Car; that sit, Carson,"
The stranger started guildly at each letter, and swept the countenances of the other occupants of the small shop, as it his secret had been wrested from him by violence; then said impatiently, "Despite thus by the quickest messenger you have."
"Yes, sir-yes, sir," said the little man with a cough of sympathy, and a ferriet giance fine the nusued face, "Here, you, Joe, look lively there and carry this box to"—he peered down again at the address to make sure—"123 Camdenavenne. Hurry up now! Oh, you want your charge, sir."
He thrust on the cover, made it fast, and produced a stubby pencil, but the tail stranger had already begun—"Miss Midared Carson, 123 Camden avenue." So at last the little forfist was free to handle the bank note, at sight of which, lying there on the counter, his singers had itched through all these past moments.

past moments.

"Now you, Joe, look alive!" cried the darkbearded customer, jovially, on the completion of the
final letter, while the fortist tembled rud frased in
the money drawer, scratching his head, to remmage again for change. "And off let the snow
accumulate under your feet. There!" he put within
the grinsy hand grassping the cord confining the lox
a bright half dollar.

"Thankee, sir!" cried Joe, all in a twitter of delight from the end of his toes to the crown of light
hair, "I'll scoot good."

"See that you do," cried the tail man, smiling
down at him. Somehow it was good to see the freemasoury between the two. Joe seemed to reflect
that it was a delicate errand on which he was being
despatched, and in his loyal little soulst once espoused the cause of the sonder. He straightened up,
lingled the coin once on the counter with a snarp
ring for the pure satisfaction of heaving the noise, a
clapped it toto his trousers pocket like a man, thrust
on his cap, and with his box was out of the door like
a fash. The atranger, arter the final counting out
whirf of gay bedestrians along the pave.

His thoughts must have been pleasant, to judge
from the ringing siep, the poise of shoulder and head,
and the long, deep draughts of the estiting, exhitarating air he drew in with the manner of a man who is
liked it. Only one of the thoughts, however, is of
great interest to us. This was, "I'm glad that I did
not rush in upon her suddenly to-night. The letter
was better, bless her."

Joe took to the middle of the street at once after
leaving the shop, and dangling the box by the cord
plunged in and out between the feet of horses,
knocked up against passers-by who were trying to
cross, and was more sworn at than any other boy
having a like privilege, which so enthused him that the
made a fine distance in the first five minutes,
churning the box up frightfully at each step. Then
he crossed a smail park and came out on a decad run,
a good deal blown.

"Jupiter. It's enough to make a fellow puff
thought?" He wiped

the back of a locomotive. All the check le produced by his votal distress, and the mai pace he now set up in the vain hope of overtaking the coach, only served to bring to his comfort a deristive crowd of gamins and street loafers.

"Go it, gatters "They screamed shrilly.

"He's got left, and they expect him home for Christmas," said one man, with a guffaw. "Oh, my eyes, see him shine!"

"You am't left, are you?" cried an urchin, sticking his ingers in his check to emit an ear-splitting yell, "oh, no, you ain't," which the crowd echoed to right and left.

Joe, wild with rare, longed to turn and fall on them all, but must, as long as a shred of hope remained as to overtaking the carriage, toll on. So he soon left his tornentors in the rear and panted off. And now the tears came in real earnest, without the excuse of the cold blast and the snow soudding across his face. Sobbing, plunging on, tumbling, recovering himself, to pitch headlong again, the end came at last to find him leaning up against a friendly lamp-post, too spent to care for either the stranger's or his own joys or woes.

In the meantime on went gayly enough the coach, bearing on its outside the message of love and Joe's broken trust, and inside the happy form of John

Whitnan.

"I tell you, cried John, irritated at any detention.
"I know nothing of your confounded boxes. Say no more, but take yourself of." He put out his hand and save the bell-knob a vigorous, decided pull.

"Wolever i! I do with it?" cried the man with a nuzzied look, and coming up the steps. "taint yours and taint mine. Who's is't then?" he repeated helplessiy.

The door opened to the housemaid's touch, flashing the brilliant light full into the faces and scroes the troublesome piece of property in the driver's unwilling hands.

the brilliant light full full file the races and across the troublesome piece of property in the driver's unwilling hands.

"You secondrei," cried John, exasperated beyond measure, and turning on him, "If you say another word about your infernal box—why, hey."

"Miss Midlred Carson," hashed up into his eyes, as at written in letters of gold, "123 Camden avenue; where the deuce;"

"Plant mine," said Jehn, more helplessly than ever, as he say that his good customer was angry. "Wo'll I do with it?" including in his wriched glance the smiling face of the housemaid, who with outward deference was holding the door ajar.

A food sounded on the stairs.

A food sounded on the stairs.

Like the entie, hitle, high-bred lady that she was, she did not hurt the feelings of the rough man, of was "bad caught a glimpse, by felling what her thought had been, that it was an intoxicated tramp or beggar making trouble for the housemaid, She lamped with quiet amusement as she saw John and moloned him in.

"It's for you," he said, in his astonishment having

carefully on the counter.

The stranger looked dibbione's at the fragrant heap.

"Look alive," he said starply; "stir five more up in some way,"

The little florist ran back once more to the case, rummaged violently through its centre and each correct. "Not another one," he amonneed helpicsity, coming back. "You see, sir, I've had such bit or ore off the card, John in his absorption even for-ters. Why, one lady took my morning stock, and another—"Any, and ready orders—cleaned out—and all that. Well, do these up, man, it some sort of a box. It's too hat to go classwhere for them, I suppose, he added, reneatively.

"It is indeed, sir," cried the little German, whipping the roses quickly into a loose bunca, "every bud is engaged. I'll warrant, all through the city. It's buckly had these, sir."

But the tail gentleman was diving his right hand into his waistcoal pocket; so the remark was lost.

"Have you a card?" asked the forist, as he pronounced, with a mand disposition of a manden-hair apray, the bunch perfect in every way. "Joe, get me a box from the shelf."

"The small bey acrambled with alacrity to the contest top, and reaching from a swinging pine-shelf the requirered article handed it to his father, who doftly whipped the roses withing gave a few tender, case of the call, to make quite the case, and the fateful sheet revealed the challenge of the case of the c

the caregraphy of the only man be had reason to dread.

"Clayton," he began, from a frenzy to make quite sure.

"Yes," she cried, her cheeks the color of a wild rose: "You are so good."

"Supreme moments in life come to all of us. In this of John Whitman's career he settled the events of years, thinking to revenge himself on Destiny. To accept the thanks so lingenmonly given, to take himself shad his muttered avowal out of the beautiful presence in which he shoot, was now his sole thought.

"I'm not a rejected man," he said to himself in all the bitterness of death to his hopes, "I'll be hanged to one can call me that. I must go," gloud, in

The Carson bell had been ringing incessantly; at least it seemed so to Hannah, the housemaid, who now answered it with temper a trifle impaired. It was a small German bey who stood on the upper step who had awakened the vigorous peal. A lightheaded lad, of an appearance usually very common-place, now rendered much worse by a frightened, confused manner.

"I want to see the young lady," he exclaimed in distress and trying to push into the vestibule.

"You can't, said liannah, sourly, thinking it some mendicant to impose on her pretty mistress. It was by no means wholly because that same mistress was delightfully occupied in the reception-room that site desired to save her an interruption. Even housemaids feet can the; beside, this was a boy griny and common.

"Go away," she added, sharply, essaying to shut the thor.

This time he did pass the mall, which incensed her so that she caught his shoulder and shook it smartly.

"You dirty creature, you!" she began in a passion.

"I'll teach you to sauce me."

At this the German lad gave vent to a loud, indignantery. The reception-room door opened, and a sweet voice cailed:

"What is it, Hannah? Let the child in."

"I's an ugiy boy, Miss shiddred, "cried the house, and won't go out when I tell him."

"I want to see you, I guess," said the boy. A brilliant bunch of Jacqueminots at her belt caught his eye, and he became more confused than ever. "I've forgot the name, but 'Iwas 122 Camlen avenue, 'was, sure: I lost it—1—1—hing on behind, and he dirty off, and I couldn't catch up, and—and—"

Poor Joe could get uo further. All his wees, past and present, overlook him, and he burst into lears. The housemaid glared at him and wiped the hand that had shaken him from all contamination on her neat white apron.

"You lost 11—and contain't catch up." "renealed."

Joe took down his hand from his tearful eyes enough to stumble over the rich rug as he entered the apartment. Then the light terman optics widened fearfully.

"Why that's the feller that give it to me," he cried.

"The mystery deepens," exclaimed Mildred, in a sweet burst of laughter. "Make it clear, Fletcher, do."

sweet burst of laughter. "Make it clear, Fleicher, do."

"My dear young friend," said the tail, dark-bearded purchaser of the Jacqueminots, getting up from the sofa to advance on the lad, and waving his hand toward the velvety bunch nodding in the small girdle. "I am indebted to you beyond any amount of payment. I see, although unfortunately I cannot clear up the inystery. In other words, I hank you all the same for getting the box here."

"I didn't, declared Joe stoulty, "and I'll give back the half dollar, with much tagging at his trousers pocket and a spasmode grimace of face.

"Whore did you last leave the box." cried Mr. Clayton. "We'll unravel it, dear, "to the dewy-eyed girl beside him.
"I catched on behind a carriage," said Joe remorsefully, and producing the half dollar, which be struck out toward his questioner, "and the man whipped up and fung me, and then driv off with the box. I couldn't catch up," he added, with a pang at the memory.
"Mildred," the tall, dark-eyed man gathered her.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

When is a poem like a newspaper oath? When just dashed off.—Enrington Free Press. The latest invention of a New York genius is a steam steigh. This will be halled with delight by young men who wish to devote both arms to the fall enjoyment of sleigh-riding.—Lowell Citizen.

"My arms reach out—in vain— They fold the air," sings E. C. Stedman in the Century. Of course the do. They always do when you get on roller skates. -Rockland Courier-Gazette. every cold night all winter has just numped up its back and is blistering the paint all around it. A good base-burner never gets settled down to business till late in the spring.—Evaneville Argus. Miss Upperten—"Goodness me, George, who is that creature you Just recognized?" George—"Don't be alarmed, pet. It's the waiter-girl at my boarding-house. You are not angry, I hope." Miss Upperten (a person of experience)—"Of course not, dear; I don't want you to starve to death."—Philadelphia Call. Two unknown Democrats were talking over the situation the other day, and one of them was a littudinatined to be self-important and overbearing in bestements. "Look a-here," said his companion on a good many airs. Who a

Try New to Catch On In Good Time!

It may rain and it may shine, but the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery goes on the same on the second Tuesday of each month. On March 10, at the one hundred and seventy-eighth drawing, fortune rewarded her votaries in this fashion: The first prize, \$15,000, went to No. \$5,517, in one ticket at \$5 to George A. Spear, a clerk in Bay City, Mich. The second of \$25,000 to No. \$4,950, sold in fifths at \$1 each; one to Henry 1. Schmidt, a butcher opposite the M. A. T. Railroad Depot, collected through the Bank of Commerce, Memphis Tenn.; another to Hugh Neil, Mayfield, Ky., collected through the Manhattan Bank of Memphis, Tenn. another to Hugh Neil, Mayfield, Ky., collected through the Manhattan Bank of Memphis, Tenn., another of High Neil, Mayfield, Ky., collected through the fifths closwhere. The third of \$10,000 to No. 43,510, sold in fifths at \$1 each; one to Louis Hinz, No. 443 Turk Street, San Francisco, Cal.; one collected through T. H. Hoach, cashier State National Hank, New Oriena, La; another through Messrs, Lewis Johnson & Co., of Washington, D. C., etc. The fourth, each of \$4,000, drawn by Nos. 4,558 and 17,584, sold in fifths, among others one to Susan Fegan, No. 402 Hayes street, San Francisco, Cal.; one to J. Hirshfeld; another to L. Lalond, both of Frisco, etc.; until over \$165,000 was scattered where it would do the most good. The whole thing goes over again on May 12, at the one hundred and eighted grand monthly drawing, and M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., on application, will give full information. Try now to catch on in good time. Try New to Catch On In Good Time!

A Pointer on Child-raising. I was walking up Eim street yesterday when I noticed a boy, about three years old, playing in a yard. He was all bundled up, and was about twenty feet away from the porch of the house. He couldn't go any further, as he had on a kind of a harness made of red fiannes is raps, and a rope fastened to a post of the porch was thed to it. It was a great scheme. You see, all his mother had to do when she wanted him was to pull in on the rope.

A Lesson in the Rough. lem were kept so clean?" "No. John, I cannot to you that." "Well, sir, it was just because every of kept his ain door clean."

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Company, of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated electro-voltaic belt and other electric appliances on trial for thrity days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and mailtood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgis, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trail is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

"Jolly yet?" howled back one of the cowboys,
"Wan!, I shad say we war; ef yer don't believe it,
jest look or that!"
And a bail from the cowboy's revolver knocked the
ticket punch out of the conductor's hand.

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axuriously in a chair in the next barber shop No

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STRAWBERRY, RASPBERRY, APRICOT, GREEN GAGE, DAMSON, RED CUR RANT, GOONEBERRY, PLUM, BLACKBERRY, RASPBERRY, and CURRANT. VIRGINIA CLARET, \$1 PER GALLON.

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SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the office until 19 o'clock M. April 50 fical for March and Granule Work for Sections B. C. L. and M. offerse, will steps and Flant tases.

Troposals will be received at the same time for fire and for futioning some required for these sections of the Terrace.

Fluns and specifications can be seen, at this office.

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OFFICE OF THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRI 16, 1885.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in triplicate, for constructing Fishways at the Great Falls of the Pato inc. in accordance with fine not of Congress approved July 11, 1882, will be received at this officiant to the Seoks Income, on FRIDAY, May 5, 1882 when they will be jumilely opened.

When they will be jumilely opened.

The work to be done consists in building in the Mary and Chaunel, or Falls fit and or the Potomic, air on the silpacent land, all sections of Fishways an aneir auxiliary structures, in accordance with plat their falls of the Chile Stap MRS. M. J. COLLEY.